

THE CLASSMATE

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

VOL. VIII.]

NEW SERIES OF
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSMATE.

NEW YORK AND CINCINNATI, JULY 13, 1901.

THOMAS B. NEELY, D.D.,
EDITOR.

[No. 28.]

For The Nine Hour Day By Isabel Hornibrook

CHAPTER II.—THE FORTY-TON BLOCK.

"THAT forty-ton block's a-coming up! They're jest gettin' a heave on her now!" repeated young Dave, edging near to Geoff's side, as the foreman, with his bottled-up scolding, hurried away. "Say! how're ye feeling? Weren't we tiptop donkeys to begin wrestling so close to the quarry edge?"

"I guess we were!" shuddered Geoff, a little surprised at the confiding solicitude in the tones of his late foe.

The quarry boy's moods were as changeable as the sea near which he had grown up, which washed the ragged foot of Robin Hill. The desire for fight had died in him as quickly as it rose, having been partly kindled by a craving to discover whether the quarry manager's son, who had been at a Boston private school and looked the "city swell," had any "sand" in him.

Having proved his grip, Dave was amiably disposed to let labor questions settle themselves, and be friendly.

"Say!" he urged, "don't you want to watch her coming up—that forty-tonner? She's the finest block that's been quarried here this year—they're going to ship her to Middleton, for a column of the new City Hall."

Geoff jumped to his feet; giddiness and the shivers which lifted the hair on his neck were subsiding; he was quite willing to be brotherly in the bond of a common excitement.

"They're jest swinging her clear of the pit now. Let's climb out on that spur of rock over there, where the guy from the derrick is moored. Then we can watch Curley signaling to the engine house an' to the hoisters down below—he's a walking signal code, I tell ye!" rattled on Dave, dragging his companion by the arm.

Geoff, divided between cold quakes at the thought of looking into the speckled pit again, and a desire to watch the hoisting of the newly quarried column stone, let himself be led, until he found that he was lying on his face and hands on a topmost crag of the quarry, which dipped into a grassy hollow on either side of him. His nose ventured over the brink; his eyes, shrinking from traveling downward, squinted at a gleaming steel hawser, fastened by an eyebolt into the rocky spur on which he lay—one of the guys which held the giant derrick in place.

"You needn't be scared; I'll hold on to you. There's no fear o' your doing the fall caper this time!" laughed Dave, clutching him by the shoulder. "See her wallowing down there in the pit! Say, won't she make an elegant column?"

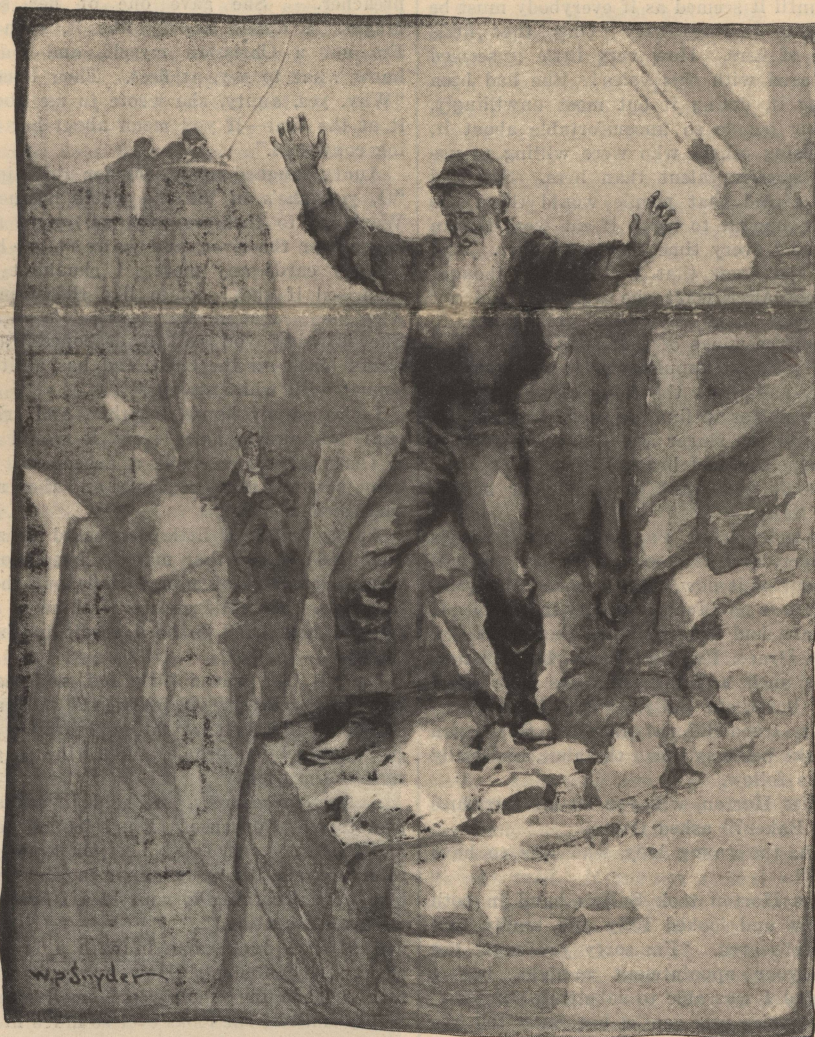
Reassured by the friendly grip, Geoff ventured a down look, and immediately came under the fascination of that great block of pinkish stone, speckled as an egg, ponderously, sluggishly swaying a hundred feet below, moored by the "dogs," or iron anchors, to the falls of the hoisting derrick.

Slowly, waveringly, foot by foot she rose, the "granite leviathan," the score of anxious eyes strained downward at her from the quarry lip, seeming to coax her unwilling movements.

Stone-dressers had dropped their steel pointers, paving-cutters their hammers and wedges, and crowded to the brink to watch her heaving ascent. Never a sound came from their dust-parched throats, lest a cry should interrupt the forces which drew her slowly to the surface.

Only the quarry machinery creaked ever more wildly, the whirring hoisting engine and the shrilling derrick straining against each other—both together straining on the stone.

"My! ain't them pulleys hummin'?" gasped Dave in Geoff's ear. "Now watch old Curley signaling to the engine house, an' the hoisters in the pit. When he taps the crown of his cap like that it's 'Go ahead!' See his arms, whirling like a windmill—that's 'All right; let her come!'"



"JUMP CLEAR BELOW THERE!" HE SCREAMED.

Now—his finger's pointing down! Look! he—he's getting afraid of the strain on the derrick!"

Dave's last words stumbled out over a dropping jaw. Geoff, following his eyes, saw the figure of the gray-haired quarry boss spread-eagled against a background of rock. The filmy sea-fog that draped him round made him look like pictures the city boy had seen of the waving specter of German mountains. The muscles on his withered arms throbbed with each heaving heart-beat, as his old voice, creaky with anxiety, supplemented their gestures.

"Ease her! Ease her!" he yelled. "All right—let her come! Slow there—slower!"

The great stone now swung in mid-quarry. Shriller, more protesting grew the whimper of the derrick's pulleys. Above their whine Geoff Hathaway could hear the thumping of his heart, which seemed slowly draining all color from his face.

"You haven't got the quakes, have you—you're not that sort?" whispered Dave pleadingly, clutching him tighter.

"Quakes nothing! I'm no more quaky than you are!" thundered Geoff, but with that his voice seemed to sink into a chasm inside him. "Look—O, look—the derrick!" were the next words he dragged out.

The towering mast was tottering like a half-hewn tree. Its boom dipped helplessly. Like a giant in despair, it leaned toward the captive block which strained overmuch on its heaving power. The beaten shudder that shook it to its starting moorings was repeated among the men on the quarry brink.

For one horrible, suspensive minute, while the pit appeared to rock, the boys, who a while before had fought, clung to each other, as if they had only one jumping, agonized heart between them.

They had a glimpse of Curley's face, its bronze paling to rusty yellow, as if the iron was leaking out of him. His arms waved frantically downward. The yell that broke from him, waking a hundred growling echoes, sounded as though his old heart were bursting.

More heart-shaking still, the boys saw the rocky spur, from which they had jumped in the nick of time, torn out of its clay setting, like a tooth from its socket, by the starting "guy" that was bedded into it.

"O, mercy! the men far down—in the pit!" shivered Dave, trying to peer through the rising dust eddies. "Perhaps they hadn't time to jump clear! I've seen a man killed before—goodness! don't it seem like the end of the world?"

The only son of the quarry superintendent and the son of the labor leader clung tighter still to each other, amid a dull rumble of quaking, broken rocks, and climbing whirls of dust, thickened and sharpened by granite splinters, that indeed suggested the wreck of a planet.

(To be continued.)

Sally Baker's Substitute.

BY MINNA STANWOOD.

"I FEEL just horrible about to-night," said Grace Parks, laying great emphasis on the "horrible." "I do believe I'll never try to do another thing!"

The girl in the end of the seat replied with all the vehement partisanship of a bosom friend: "I don't wonder you feel so! I wouldn't do a thing either if I were you!"

"O, Bertha," laughed Grace, "aren't you funny? You always agree with every single thing I say. Now, you ought to say, 'O, never mind Sally Baker! Just go ahead and do the best you can!'"

"Well, but how can you, if you can't?" demanded Bertha, imperiously. "And you say you can't."

"O, well, so I did. If it wasn't district meeting, and if I hadn't those souvenir programs printed, and if Sally hadn't said, 'Go ahead, and I'll help you out,' I wouldn't feel so bad. They did have such a time, you know, to get a chairman for that entertainment committee, and they had passed the office round twice, and everybody had declined it without thanks, and then when it started round the third time, and Sally Baker said that, I just said I would take it. It wasn't altogether because Sally said she'd help, of course. I had the feeling all the time that I ought to do it. And Sally has sung just once this year. If she hadn't promised faithfully that she would sing to-night, of course I wouldn't have put her name on the program."

"I suppose she had a good streak when she said she'd sing, and she had a good streak when she said she'd help if you'd be chairman," commented Bertha, bringing a bag of chocolates to the rescue. "She is the streakedest girl I ever saw, anyway!"

Grace could not refuse a chocolate even under such stress, but she ate it absently. "Sally sings well enough, but she's giving herself such airs since she began to take lessons, saying it will hurt her voice to sing in the choir with untrained singers, and it will injure her reputation if she is known to have sung in such a little 'seven-by-nine' church as ours. The idea! She says it makes her cheap to sing every time she's asked. Then she makes so much fun of Alma Lewis that she won't sing any more for me. And Alma is better than nobody."

"Well, when the time comes for Sally to sing all you've got to do is to get up and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen'—particularly ladies, for there won't be gentlemen enough to count—'Ladies and gentlemen, our next number will have to be omitted owing to the fact that Miss Baker has decided to preserve her reputation.' Then there will be deafening applause, and that will do just as well as the song."

"O, yes, it's easy enough to laugh about a scrape if you're not in it yourself," remarked Grace, miserably. "I've been groaning about this all day. Every time I took a dictation it seemed as if I was writing 'Sally Baker,' and every time I sat down to the typewriter it seemed as if I

was banging off, 'Sally Baker, Sally Baker'."

Just then a lady in front began gathering up her parcels to leave the train. As she stood up she turned and said, "I could not help hearing what you young ladies said, and if you will give me the name and address of your church I shall be happy to act as substitute for this Miss Baker who has disappointed you."

"Sing for us?" gasped Grace, in amazement.

The train was slowing up, and Bertha's ready tongue hurried to say, "Second Methodist Episcopal Church, on Garden Street, Garden Street Station. The next stop to this is Garden Street Station, and anybody can tell you where the church is."

"I will be there about eight o'clock, then. Good-bye," said the lady, with a smile, as she passed out.

"You could knock me down with a feather!" exclaimed Bertha.

"How I must have screeched!" said Grace. "And I never asked her her name or a thing! I didn't even say, 'Thank you!'"

"Perhaps she can't sing a note," giggled Bertha. "But isn't she pretty?"

Grace had been watching the door with almost uncontrollable anxiety for half an hour. The district meeting had been a distinct success so far, and the church was well filled, because the weather was delightful. As the clock hands began to creep toward eight Grace's excitement increased to the trembling point. Of course, Bertha did not soothe her by whispering, "I'll bet a cookie she won't come!" "Suppose she doesn't show up!" "It isn't a bit likely that a perfect stranger would come and sing without being asked!"

It was five minutes of eight now, and Charley Graham creaked up the aisle to whisper that two ladies were outside in the entry, asking for a young lady named "Grace."

Grace started up quickly. "O, goody!" she said, and hurried down the aisle.

The lady who had been in the train held out her hand, smiling brightly. "This is my sister, Mrs. Horton. My name is Miss Horton. We are Methodists, you see, and that is why I was anxious to help you out."

"But not, not the bishop's—?" began Grace, stammeringly.

"Yes," responded the lady, laughing, "Bishop Horton's wife and sister. We are visiting friends at Rockview."

"By the way, Miss Grace," said the bishop's wife, kindly, "it might be interesting for you to know that Louise is head soprano in the largest church in our home city in the West."

"I only wish Sally Baker was here!" whispered Bertha. "I'd like to see the iron enter Sally's 'seven-by-nine' soul. Isn't she lovely! What an air she has!"

"Sally will be here," nodded Grace, confidently. "She'll walk in just at the time when she ought to be singing and sit down in a back seat and look about, as who should say, 'What are you going to do about it, Grace Parks?'"

Sure enough, Sally did appear at precisely twenty minutes past eight, just in time to see a very charming young lady mount the platform. Sally Baker opened her eyes wide, and leaned forward. Where had Grace found this person? She was no amateur, Sally could see that with half a look. "Homeland" was on the program; Sally's repertory was confined to Gospel songs. Would this lady sing that? Probably, for there was little Lillie West adjusting the piano stool as usual, and trying to make the book stay on the rack. It would certainly be "Homeland." Sally listened critically. She was thoroughly satisfied with her own singing, but she was not satisfied with Lillie West's playing. She had often complained about Lillie's putting her "out." Indeed, she had said more than once that if she had a decent accompanist she would be willing to sing any time, almost. But somehow this lady did not seem to be disturbed by Lillie's playing. She sang, and fairly took her accompanist along with her. The melody swelled, and filled the church. There had never been such singing in that little church before. Indeed, most of those present had never heard such singing in all their lives before. They wondered who the singer could be. Some of them hazarded the belief that Patti had actually gotten into that district meeting by mistake. Sally Baker sat very still; her heart was throbbing, tears were on her cheeks. She had always said, "Yes, 'Homeland' is very effective," in her little mincing way, when people told her that she sung it nicely, but O, she never knew before that there was so much

music in it, so much appeal. To think that a lady who could sing like that should be willing to sing in that "little one-horse church"! It was all very strange.

Sally sat with her head down during the remainder of the program, thinking and waiting. She wanted to know if that lady would sing the other selection that was down on Grace's "souvenir program" against Miss Sally Baker's name, "Consecration." No doubt the lady would have preferred singing some more ambitious pieces, and not those simple things which were all Sally Baker could attempt. Perhaps Grace had asked her to carry out the program as printed.

There were readings and speeches and exhortations, but Sally heard nothing. She was sitting with the program in her hand, her thumb nail pressed hard against number ten. It was time at last. The stranger went up on the platform once more, and Sally took in her every movement of grace and beauty with greedy eyes. Yes, Lillie West was beginning, "Consecration." O, what power there was in the human voice to touch the human heart and carry conviction to the human soul! Sally Baker in her pride and self-consciousness had a revelation that night.

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be."

How the glorious voice pushed those words into that silly girl's very heart! It seemed as if they fairly got into her blood and set her whole body pulsating.

"I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be."

How mean a thing seemed her self-esteem now! What was it she had been magnifying until it seemed as if everybody must be made to bow to her? Only that little voice of hers. How very little it seemed compared with this voice! She had been saving it, doling it out most unwillingly, making people so uncomfortable about it, criticising others who were willing to use even smaller talent than hers. She had been afraid that people would think she didn't amount to much if she were to run and sing every time they asked her. And now she knew that what people thought did not alter what she was, and did not affect her duty to her Lord. It all came to her on the wings of that song.

Sally's first impulse was to slip out and home, and think the thing out by herself. But a nobler inclination seemed to tell her to go to the singer and thank her for the message she had brought.

"Don't you want to meet your substitute, Sally?"

It was Grace Parks right at Sally's shoulder, and of course there was no getting out of it now. Sally looked at Grace. There was no offended dignity in her face—the song had done its work there, too.

"O, Grace, I've been mean, but I'll never do such a thing again as long as I live," burst out Sally. "Who is she?"

But Grace did not answer. She began to make her way down the aisle, and Sally had to follow.

"Miss Horton, will you let me introduce Miss Baker?" asked Grace.

"Ah, the young lady who was to, have sung?"

Miss Horton took Sally's hand in both of hers and looked fully and kindly into the girl's eyes. "I'm sorry you could not keep your appointment to-night, but I am glad I was able to substitute for you."

The voice was gentle, but Sally felt the reproof it conveyed. She hung her head, her cheeks crimsoned.

"I am glad you selected that last song, for I love it very dearly," went on Miss Horton. "Don't you think it is a privilege to do whatever we can do for the Master?"

Then Sally struggled away from her shyness and raised her eyes and answered bravely, "I never thought of it that way until to-night, but now I see—so many things. O, I'll be a different girl after this!"

"She's the sister of a live bishop, and she is head soprano in St. Paul's Church, the biggest church in Pennsylvania, if she did sing in this 'seven-by-nine.' Of course, you wanted to know who your substitute was."

It was Bertha Grigg's sharp little voice. It hit Sally like a stroke of fate as she went down the aisle, but she did not retort as usual. She only bent her humbled head a little lower and passed on. She was not altogether the same Sally Baker who went into that church. She looked up at the clock. Only half past nine. What a difference that hour and a quarter had made to her!

My Cousin Gerty.

By HELEN SOMERVILLE.

I'VE just come back from visiting at Uncle Howard's, and want to tell about my cousin Gerty. She has always been my favorite among the cousins—she is so true and sensible, and yet full of fun, too.

I always was fond of Gerty, but when I heard that she had been "getting religion" at a meeting last summer I was silly enough to think that she would be doleful and afraid to sing and play bean-bag in the yard, and would want to read hymns and Bible verses all the time.

I was afraid, too, that she would think it wicked to wear pretty clothes, and would go around looking "dowdy," and make me ashamed of her. I was surprised and pleased to find her just as prettily dressed as ever, and that she knew some new games, and had learned another stitch in embroidery, and could play on the guitar, since I saw her last.

Uncle Howard is not a rich man, but is overseer at the factory, and is looked up to by the folks in the neighborhood, who are all poor. Uncle has everything comfortable, and some of the girls envy Gerty and Huldah and Clementine, because they have nice things.

Aunt Rachel has such poor health that she can't do much housework, so the girls are kept busy, and seem to enjoy baking, and sweeping, and ironing. Aunt is quite pretty even yet, although she is so old—she must be past fifty—and has such a soft voice when she talks that I love to listen to her.

I hadn't been there long when auntie said to me, "Mamie, dear, I suppose you have heard that our Gerty has turned preacher." She gave one of her soft laughs. I didn't exactly like it, even if I'm not a Christian myself, and didn't know what to say, at first. Then I said, "Why, yes, auntie, she wrote to me about it at the time—if you mean about her being converted."

Auntie laughed again—louder this time. "O, yes, she's in for the whole business. Won't go to theaters with us, or to the dance over the river, and we can't get her to play cards any more. I shouldn't be surprised if she becomes like the woman who visits around here—Miss Thornton. She is what you call a deaconess, and wears black all the time, and has a little bonnet with white strings."

I clasped my hands together, and cried out: "O, auntie, how lovely it would be if Gerty should ever be a deaconess! I know some of them at home, and they are such good women!"

Auntie looked a little displeased as she answered: "Good they may be, but I don't want a daughter of mine to follow in their footsteps. My children are to shine in society, I hope, and to be a credit to their family."

Gerty's face was a little red, and tears were in her eyes. "O, mamma!" she said, softly, "I think it would be beautiful to go about helping people, and trying to get them to be good!"

Auntie looked cross, and said, in a snappish tone: "Nonsense! Don't let me hear anything more of this! If you want to reform people begin right here in your own home, for according to your idea I suppose we are all heathen."

Just then Jack came in with a branch of flowering almond. How pretty it was, and it made the whole room smell sweet. Auntie smiled—she looks ever so much nicer when she is not frowning, but I suppose all folks do—and took it in her hand. "Just look, children!" she said. "This reminds me of the times when I was a child at home—O, those happy days! You young folks who are brought up in a city don't begin to know the joys and beauties of country life. What is more lovely than a spring morning on a farm? There is the soft, balmy air, giving you such a sense of fresh life, and newness, and gladness that you are alive! Then there are the sweet, fragrant odors of the fresh, damp earth, and the blossoming of the fruit trees—is there anything on earth more beautiful than an apple tree in blossom?"

And she went on to talk, till I was astonished. I can't remember her words, but it was full of rosy sunsets, and fragrant violets, and mossy nooks, and she made it sound somehow just like poetry without rhyme. We all stopped to listen to her, and when she was through Gerty whispered, "And our Father made them all!" Auntie nodded. "Yes, Gerty, he did, and a wonderful Creator he is. It's the people in the world that are not right. The world itself could be an Eden if folks would

live as they ought." Then she changed the subject, and Gerty and I went out to see the new puppies.

I stayed at uncle's two weeks, and while there Gerty joined the Church on full membership. Cousin Katherine came over from the East Side, and when Gerty stood up with the others Katie said to me: "This is the happiest day of my life for me! Dear Gerty, she doesn't get any encouragement to be a Christian at home, Mamie! But she is a faithful little soldier, and I believe that she will be the means of bringing father and mother to Christ. She has had to bear many a sneer, and put up with a great deal, but she has borne it very bravely."

I never saw Gerty look sweeter than she did then. Tears were in her eyes, and her face shone like an angel's. She didn't talk much on the way home, except to say: "Mamie, you are a year older than I, and I want to have you come to Jesus. You are going home in a few days—won't you promise me that you will become a Christian?"

I hesitated a little, for when I make a promise I always try to keep it. So instead of answering directly I began to talk about auntie: "It seems as if your mother must be a Christian, Gerty. Just think how beautifully she talked the other day, when Jack came in with the flowering almond! She spoke as if—"

Gerty interrupted me to say: "O, yes, mamma loves nature, and of course she believes that God makes all these beautiful things—flowers, and fruit, and the birds! But, then, she's not willing to take Jesus as her Saviour. He says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments!' and mamma likes the pleasures of the world too much to give them up for his sake. But she and papa are going to be Christians! I know it, for I am praying for them. O, Mamie, how different everything has seemed to me since I came to him with my burden of sin and asked him to give me a new heart. It seems as if I've been living in a new, bright world ever since! I never knew before what *real, true* happiness meant, and yet you see that I have many enjoyments, and that I love to play and have good times too! Now, Mamie, give me your promise that within a week from the time you leave us you will surely decide to be a Christian."

Somehow, I made the promise. It is almost a week now since I left uncle's, and I always keep my promises. And Gerty is praying for me.

A Young Philosopher.

EMERSON, in his essay upon "Heroism," says that characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistence, and tells the story of his son, Waldo, when he was a small boy. On his way to the village school Waldo had to pass a house where a French family lived. The boy had never heard any language but his own, and the strange talk frightened him; he could not understand it, and therefore felt that the people must be dangerous. Mr. Emerson decided that Waldo was old enough to go and come from school without attendance, and after talking the matter over with the boy he said, "Now, Waldo, some one will go to school with you this morning, but you must come home alone."

When the school was dismissed the boy thought of the house full of strange people that he must pass on his way home, and leaning up against the fence he began to cry. Miss Elizabeth Hoar, a neighbor, seeing him, put on her bonnet and went to his rescue. "Come, Waldo," she said, "I'm going your way; you can walk with me." The boy looked at her a moment, and then said sorrowfully, "I don't think that was what my father meant for me to do;" and refusing her comforting companionship he trudged sturdily home by himself.

A Dangerous Machine.

A DEACONESS was talking to a group of city children about a proposed outing during the summer, and was picturing as vividly as she knew how the wonders and delights of country life.

"You'll see the fields of clover, and men making hay for the horses to eat, and harvesters, and threshing machines—"

"No yer don't!" interrupted a sharp featured urchin with great earnestness. "Yer don't catch me in it. It's bad enough to be cuffed around home and nabbed by the coppers if yer don't look sharp, 'thout going to where they have machines to thrash yer with. Yer don't get me along! Ta! Ta!"—*Deaconess Message and Advocate.*

Two Schools.

I put my heart to school,
In the world where men grow wise.
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again,
"And where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school,
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said; "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song,
"I find this school is home."
—Henry van Dyke, in the Atlantic.

The Sierra Snowsheds in Winter.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

IT is scarcely likely that the Epworth Leaguers who have gone to California this summer will have any practical knowledge afforded them as to why it is necessary to cover the railway tracks with the miles of snowsheds that are found all along over the Sierra Nevada range soon after leaving Truckee until the descent upon the Pacific slope is begun. That they are a nuisance in summer no one will deny, for they interfere with one's enjoyment of the glorious Sierra scenery through which the train is passing.

And yet they are imperatively necessary for travel in winter. Without them it would be almost impossible to operate this portion of the great transcontinental railway when the deep and drifting snows begin to cover the mountain heights and make them what their name, Sierra Nevada, says they are, namely, the snow-covered, saw-toothed range of mountains.

What brave, courageous, daring men were that handful of California pioneers who determined to build a railway over the vast heights of the Sierras! Other men talked about it for years; scores of them said it was impossible, but these four undertook to accomplish it. They were as daring as Napoleon, and as undaunted. To them his "Impossible" is a word to be found only in the vocabulary of fools" meant exactly what it said. Nothing was impossible to courage such as theirs. They bombarded Congress and teased capitalists. They held meetings and agitated wisely and well, and, finally, backed by the United States government, set to work, and how well they did it the thousands of people who yearly travel to and from the Golden State can truthfully testify. They climbed the heights from Reno to Truckee, and they wound around deep ravines and frightful cañons. They lowered men in cages and built a solid granite terrace around Cape Horn, with the American River two thousand feet below. And the trains were soon

terrible, and yet I have myself ridden over ravines filled with snow to a depth of over two hundred feet. To come to drifts where there were thirty and even forty or more feet was no uncommon experience, and, in winter, up in the mining and logging camps, there are few men who do not learn to use the Norwegian *ski*, or snowshoes—great, long, narrow strips of wood, fifteen or more feet long, and on which one learns to slide on and over the deep snow.

Even the horses must wear snowshoes! "What!" I hear you exclaim, "horses wear snowshoes? Impossible!" O, dear no! Not at all impossible. Horses learn to use them very quickly. But they are not *ski*. A snowshoe for a horse is like a large soup plate made of india rubber an inch thick. This is fastened to the hoof, and the horse soon learns to straddle, and slowly glide along over the deep snow.

But when the railway was built and the deep snow fell and drifted upon the track no one had invented a snowshoe for railway engines and cars, so the trains were brought to a standstill, and all traffic was suspended. This would never do. Something must be devised that would overcome the snowy monster, and the engineers designed these great snowsheds. Look at the pictures and see how strong they are. You doubtless think they are unnecessarily strong. So did the engineers at first. It seemed such a little thing to see a tiny snowflake falling, and then another. They were so light and so fleecy; surely a very thin and light piece of wood would keep them from the track. But it didn't. "Many mickles make a muckle," as the Scotch say, and when rain fell on the snow and it began to melt the first snowsheds were crushed as if they had been eggshells. Then these heavy, massive timbers were used, and mile after mile of sheds erected, and even these are none too strong when there is a fierce storm, as occasionally happens.

But it was scarcely possible to cover all the Sierra portion of the railway tracks with snowsheds. Only the most exposed sections were thus protected, so that when long-continued storms occur another method must be followed to clear the exposed track from its covering of snow. Then the snowplow was put into use. At first it was the same kind of plow used on the railways in the East, shaped something like an ordinary land plow, but with a share on each side. But this was found to be of little use when the snow covered the track to a height of ten and even twenty feet. Then they built the double plow so that it completely covered the entire front of the engine from cowcatcher to the top of the smokestack, and they put one, two, five, eight, and even ten monster engines behind it to push it through the snow. Yet even that failed sometimes. So at last an inventive genius set his wits and brain to work and finally invented the rotary snowplow, and now, any severe winter, you may see one of these wonderful monsters



INSIDE THE SHEDS.

track. Mile after mile it goes cutting a clean, clear pathway through the snow, and then, with a clear track, the trains of passengers and freight are able to progress without delay and hasten to their required destination. So perfect is the snowplow now that seldom, even in the heaviest fall of snow, is there any material delay of traffic. (See page 224.)

As the train of the Epworth Leaguers passes Truckee, where these snowsheds begin on the east side of the Sierras, I wish they might see that picturesque town as I have seen it again and again. In the severe winters it is as snowy as it is in the Klondike, and the white pall covers the town to a depth of eight, ten, twelve, and more feet. Then the inhabitants tunnel through the snow from one house to another, or cut deep passageways through, and are thus enabled to transact their business. And when they want fun they build a great ice palace and toboggan slides, and you can see young men racing down hill on *ski* going as fast as an express train.

If, on the other hand, they get tired of winter and its snowy pleasures they can get on a west-bound train and in a few hours can be revealed in the flowery paradise of California west of the Sierras, where there is almost perpetual sunshine and summer.

Self-Rooting.

"YET hath he not root in himself," run the words of Matthew's gospel 13. 21. They suggest to Dr. Hugh Macmillan the growth of a corn of wheat. The seed carries nourishment enough to lift the tender blade to the sunlight. But when it has done that, it can do no more; for the store of food in it is in this way used up, and the plump seed in the ground becomes a wizened, empty shell. And then the young plant must shift for itself. It can no longer live off the seed, but, by making a root for itself and sending it down into the soil, can find its own food. It has not at first strength to do this, and therefore it becomes sickly for a time. It falls off just as a child falls off when it is weaned. But by and by it recovers itself, and shoots up stronger and greener than ever. It has now got a root of its own, and is no longer dependent upon the seed. It can get its own food, and it soon grows from the blade to the ear, and from the ear to the full corn in the ear.

Now so it is with the highest life of each one of you. You cannot live long upon the faith of father or mother. You cannot always depend for the nourishment of your soul upon the teaching and acquirements of your friends. At first, indeed, when you are a mere child, you are helpless, and must be fed by the labors of others and by the food they have procured for you. But as you grow up, you must by and by have a root of your own, which you must send down into the spiritual soil, and draw from it what will nourish your own faith and love. You must be rooted yourself in the divine love if you are to thrive. Depending upon others for your religious support, you would soon share the fate of the young corn plant that lived only upon the seed sown in the soil, without a root of its own. You would soon exhaust all that others could do for you, and you would find in human beings, however willing and capable of helping you, but a poor supply of nourishment for your immortal hunger,

and it would soon fail you, and you would have to pine and wither away. You would never grow in grace, or be fit to bring forth fruit for your own good and for the good of the world. You must, therefore, have a root of your own. Each of you must send the root of your being into Christ's inexhaustible fullness, from which day by day you will receive all the materials and forces that will enable you to grow up into the divine likeness.

A Courteous Judge.

A YOUNG lady, spending a rainy evening at the house of an old gentleman, wanted a cab to take her home. Her host started off to fetch the cab.

"Do let the maid go," she said.

"My dear, the maid is also a woman," was the grave reply.

The man was the late George Higginbotham, chief justice of Victoria. His courtesy toward women was regardless of rank or personal attractiveness. He would take off his hat to his cook and bow to her as graciously as though she were a royal duchess.

A man was trying to lead a heavy draught horse along the street. The animal refused to be led, and then the man made several ineffectual attempts to mount the refractory creature. At that moment the chief justice came along and, seeing the man's difficulty, extended his hand—as a mounting-block.

The man put his foot in the hand and mounted upon the horse's back, and the chief justice passed on.

His courtesy made his manners good, but it did not soften his sense of justice. A lawyer tells this anecdote:

"I had once to appear before him in chambers on behalf of a charming client who had some property, but would not pay her debts. The case was heard in his own room, and he was courteous itself. He stood when she entered. I think she dropped her handkerchief, and he left his seat to pick it up. Nothing could be gentler than his manner, and I was congratulating myself on an easy victory; but when the facts were heard the decision came that my client must pay or spend six months in prison."—*The Youth's Companion*.

Wishes and Work.

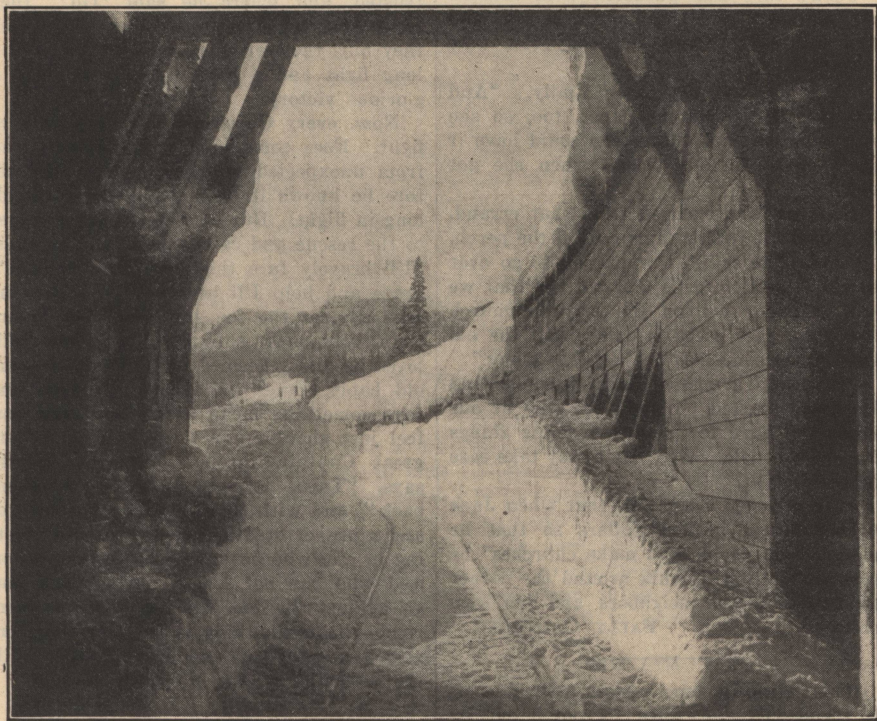
"It seems to me that I would give anything in the world to make those keys sing as you do," a girl said one evening to a friend.

"You need not give 'anything in the world.' Two hours' conscientious practice every day for five or six years would do it. Would you give that?"

The girl flushed a little, and then looked up, half laughing.

"No," she answered, honestly. "I know that I wouldn't. I would get tired, and give it up in three months. But I thought I was telling the truth. I didn't mean to be insincere."

We never mean to be insincere, and yet it is not true that many of our wishes are not worth the breath it takes to put them into words? For if we wished earnestly enough we should not rest content with sighing—we should set ourselves to win the things we want. In nine cases out of ten patience and perseverance would answer our wishes for us.—*Forward*.



ENTRANCE TO THE SNOWSHEDS.

running, and happy travelers went in one week in easy-cushioned Pullmans over a route that a few years before had taken weeks or months of fearful and arduous travel in wagon or stage.

But when the winter came a new and serious difficulty presented itself. In the high altitudes of the Sierra Nevada snow falls to a depth unconceived by people who live on the levels. Ten feet of snow sounds

at work. In front of the engine a vast circular machine is placed, in which are a number of blades which are made to revolve with great rapidity as the engine pushes them into the snow. When this is very deep ten and even fifteen engines are placed together with the snowplow in front, and with that tremendous pressure the revolving blades cut into the snow and whirl it up into the air on either side of the



THOMAS B. NEELY, D.D., Editor.

The Classmate is an illustrated paper of eight pages, published weekly for young people.

The Subscription Price for one year is 50 cents, when taken in club; or lots of six or more, mailed to one address. Single subscriptions, 60 cents. Subscriptions may begin at any time, but must expire with the close of a quarter (March, June, September, or December).

Manuscripts and communications for the Editorial Department should be addressed only to THOMAS B. NEELY, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Payments and all correspondence relating to subscriptions, changes of address, etc., should be sent to the publishers.

EATON & MAINS, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.
JENNINGS & PYE, 220-222 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

[Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as second-class mail matter.]

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1901.

The Three Stones.

THE story is told of the great crusader, Raymond of Toulouse, that when planning for the final assault on Jerusalem, which was to gain it for the armies of the cross, he found that a deep ravine on the south of the city prevented the right working out of his scheme of attack. His soldiers were all busy, and there seemed no way of detailing a sufficient force to do this large piece of extra work; but Raymond was a man of resource. He caused it to be proclaimed through the camp, and in all the country about, that anyone who would bring three stones and drop them in the ravine would be liberally rewarded. At once people began to flock in, each bearing the three stones; everyone who had occasion to pass by the ravine to other duties carried three stones to drop in as they went; children set to work, and women, and all the hangers-on of the camp. In a day the bottom of the ravine was no longer visible; in two, the bed of stones rose high within its rocky walls; in three, there were no longer any walls or any ravine, but only a level field of stones, over which Raymond moved his ponderous machines of war with ease, and stormed the ramparts with his warriors.

Only three stones! It must have seemed to each child, each passer, each soldier, like a foolish idea at first. How could three stones fill up a ravine? It is safe to say that nothing but their faith in their commander, and their certainty that he would give the rewards he promised, that kept the people from mocking as they dropped in the stones. Yet the result proved Raymond a wise leader. Three stones are only three; but a hundred times three, a thousand times three, a million times three are a very different matter, as those three days under the walls of Jerusalem showed.

The army of the cross needs the lesson as much to-day as in the days of the first crusade. The church, the Sunday school, the individual Christian needs to realize the power of a little willing work done in co-operation. If each of us would but do three little things for Christ every week, or even every month, in our church or Sunday school, what splendid things might be accomplished! But no! we wait for a larger opportunity, and let the little things go undone, and so the church does not go forward to victory over the path made by the willing work of all, as she should. Can we not rouse ourselves, and rouse others, to take the story of the three stones as our motto, and live up to it? It is a lesson of littles—but it is not a little lesson. It is a great and needed one.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

The Golden Rule.

I WAS spending a few weeks in the country once, and in the house where I lodged the mother was such an invalid that she could do nothing without help. She could not ride, she could not walk, she could not go out into the fresh air, without help. And it was beautiful to see how she was waited on and helped by one of her daughters every hour of the day. That daughter was like an angel in the house, so cheerfully did she give the help which her poor mother required. I did not need anybody to tell me that the Golden Rule was written on the daughter's heart.

Two young lads left by one of the sea-going steamers a few years back. They went to a country on the other side of the globe. From the one came home to his parents hardly ever a letter. Mail after mail came in, but the letters the old people looked for from their boy seldom came. He forgot them. Or he forgot to care for

them. Or he did not take pains to think of them. The other lad never missed a mail. Week by week arrived a letter, an interesting letter from him in which he told them all his state. That letter was a weekly joy in the family into which it came. You could see a smile going over the face of the mother as she took it up and said: "It is from Jack." Aye, Jack had got the Golden Rule by heart. He had said to himself: "If I were at home, and had a mother's or father's love for my boy, I should wish him to write to me." And just that was the difference between the two young lads I have introduced to you. The one obeyed, the other disregarded, the Golden Rule.—*Alexander Macleod.*

The Transforming Touch.

THE lives which seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped and dull,
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!
They blossom to the beautiful.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Poor Me!

"I AM so sorry for myself all the time that I haven't any heart left for pitying others who are in trouble."

This remark was made by a woman who looked ten years older than her real age because of her mouth being so persistently drawn down at the corners; with a bright look in her eyes, and a smile on her lips, she would have been quite good-looking, but the people who lived in the same boarding house with her used to say that her eyes were so fishy, and the general expression of her countenance was so unpleasant, that they would rather have her room than her company, especially as she never smiled nor took part in any harmless chit-chat that might be going on among the others.

"And the look that she gave me when I upset her workbasket in dusting her table yesterday!" exclaimed the housemaid on one occasion. "It made me lave the room quicker'n I'd gone in."

"O, she's an old crank," observed a girl boarder, who should have been better occupied than in gossiping with a servant. "But you oughtn't to mind her looks. We girls think she must have been crossed in love in her youth."

"And what of that?" was Bridget's reply. "Shure it's meself that's been crossed in love three times, from first to last, and it hasn't ruined my temper."

Whether it was a broken heart or whether it was a succession of lesser troubles that had made the cross-looking boarder what she was, it was a thousand pities that she had not been taught, when young enough to learn, that she only made her lot harder to bear by pitying herself so deeply and so constantly for what could not be helped. It is an old saying that what can't be cured must be endured, but there are different ways of enduring an evil, and one of the wrong ways is to keep on pitying one's self at such a rate for one's misfortunes that there is no time to think of trying to make the world brighter for those around us. And, besides, no trouble was ever yet made lighter by being brooded over by the sufferer. Life is too short for letting such thorns rankle at slights and injuries and disappointments. Of course, we must feel them at first, but such wounds should be allowed to heal as soon as possible.

Young people have so often been warned not to forget this, that, or the other important matter that they are in danger of losing sight of the fact that forgetfulness is sometimes a good thing in itself. That forgetfulness which sweeps out of our heads what some sentimental poet describes as "The ills, the wrongs we've wept through here," and causes us to give up regarding ourselves as the most unfortunate creatures alive, should be cultivated with as much care as the memory is when the latter is concerned with what is heard at church, or in school, or other things that should be laid up in the storehouses of the head and heart.

"Start Me."

"START me!" cried little Alice from her perch in the swing. "I want to go high; start me!"

"Somebody can't be starting you all the time," answers Tommy, half impatient of her demands upon him, half desirous of giving her a bit of instruction. "Put your foot on the ground and start yourself."

It is the same story, the same cry, the world over. People are longing to mount high along many lines, but for the most part they are sitting still and waiting for some one to start them. They want to reach

success in literature, in business, or professional life, but they want to swing high from the first—to be pushed by some one's money, strength, or name. Those who are really willing to begin with their feet on the ground and start themselves are comparatively few.

One who has been brought much in contact with young people, young women especially, and has been endeavoring to help them, recently said that her greatest discouragement lay in the fact that they all wanted to begin at the top. They wanted at once the reputation, the pay, and the patronage of those who had been long years in the work. They wanted to be pushed—a good strong push that would send them flying at once—instead of putting their own feet to the ground and slowly working up for themselves.—*Selected.*

Wishes.

JACK LANE'S cousin Bert was spending Sunday with him. In the afternoon they went to Sunday school together. The lesson was about missions, and the teacher told them a great many interesting things about the heathen, and about the brave men and women who have gone to preach to them the beautiful Gospel of Jesus Christ.

After the boys got home they were still talking about it.

"I wish I had a million dollars," said Jack, enthusiastically. "Wouldn't it be fine to give a lot of money for the heathen?"

"Fine," agreed Bert, with emphasis.

"I'd build a church in India," said Jack, "and one somewhere in Africa, and in Japan. I guess, and, O, in lots of heathen places. Then those poor people could go to church and stop having idols and not knowing anything. Wouldn't it be fun?"

"You'd have to send preachers for your churches," said Bert.

"Yes, and Bibles and hymn books and—and Christmas entertainments. But you can buy heaps of things with a million dollars."

"Do you think," asked Bert, admiringly, "that you'd give it all away?"

"Well," said Jack, "I guess there'd be plenty left; a million is so much, you know."

"But there are so many heathen," insisted Bert—"just crowds and crowds of them."

"I guess maybe I'd give it all to them, then," said Jack, what his teacher had taught him coming back strongly to his mind. "Mother and father take care of me all right, anyway. And it's nice to help people and make churches."

"Jack," said Mrs. Lane, coming out on the porch where they were sitting, "I wish you would take these peaches around to Maggie Lake. She is sick, poor little girl, and she has very few pleasant things, I'm afraid."

Jack's face was puckered with frowns. "O, mother," he whined, "it's so hot, and I'm so tired! Can't somebody else take them?"

"I will," said his sister Emily. "And I'll give her a picture paper, too, so she can see what nice things she could have if she'd go to Sunday school when she got well."

So Jack was excused from that errand. But soon his father came out on the porch.

"Jack," he said, "I want you to go over to old Miss Comfort's and tell her that we will stop for her on the way to church to-night. Her niece is away, and the old lady needs somebody to help her along."

"O, dear," grumbled Jack, when he and Bert had started, "I don't see why at our house we have to be always doing things for other people. Why can't they take care of themselves?"

It was queer, wasn't it, that when Jack wished for a million dollars so that he might "help people and make churches" he was not willing to walk around the corner to help his own neighbors and his own church?

SALLY CAMPBELL.

TAKE steadily some one sin, which seems to stand out before thee, to root it out, by God's grace, and every fiber of it. Purpose strongly, by the grace and strength of God, wholly to sacrifice this sin or sinful inclination to the love of God, to spare it not, until thou leave of it none remaining, neither root nor branch. Fix, by God's help, not only to root out this sin, but to set thyself to gain by that same help the opposite grace. If thou art tempted to be angry, try hard to be very meek; if to be proud, seek to be very humble.—*E. B. Pusey.*

A Vacation Calendar.

A WEEK OF PRAISE.

FIND these verses in the Bible:

Monday.—Ah Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee. Bk....., chap....., ver.....

Tuesday.—All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee. Bk....., chap....., ver.....

Wednesday.—I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and I will sing praises unto thy name. Bk....., chap....., ver.....

Thursday.—My tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise all the day long. Bk....., chap....., ver.....

Friday.—O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me. Bk....., chap....., ver.....

Saturday.—Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God. Bk....., chap....., ver.....

Sunday.—Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to usward. Bk....., chap....., ver.....

Faith in Our Captain.

DURING the civil war, on the morning of October 19, 1864, under cover of a dense fog and the darkness, General Early with the Confederate forces made an attack upon the Union army that was lying encamped at Cedar Creek. General Wright, the Union commander, though severely wounded, remained on the field of battle and did all in his power to rally his surprised and frightened troops, but in vain.

Sheridan is at Winchester, twenty miles away. As the dull roar of cannonading, like the roll of distant thunder, comes to his ears, he knows what has happened and the importance of his presence there. He mounts his coal-black steed, and away he flies like one mad. No stop, no stay. Men gaze in wonder and astonishment as he passes, but no time to ask or answer questions. Soon he meets some of the stragglers; he reads the look of consternation and terror on their faces, but no time to ask for news from the front. Here a little company, there a squad, some with muskets, some without, all telling to his experienced eye just what has happened; but on he goes and comes at length to where the main part of the army has made a final desperate stand, and riding down the broken lines he waves his sword and shouts, "Turn, boys, turn; we're going back!"

Ah, that was Sheridan! the man they knew, the man they loved, the man they trusted, and where he said "Go!" they went and asked no questions; and back they hurl themselves against the foe, and a long fight and a hard fight gives them a glorious victory.

Now, every Christian has his battles to fight. Foes come upon him suddenly and from unexpected quarters, and almost before he knows it he is being driven headlong in flight. But his better nature comes to the rescue and calls a halt, and he says, "I'll bravely face this trial, and by God's grace and help I'll be true." So back he goes against the foe and comes off "more than conqueror through him who hath loved us and redeemed us." Possibly some old habit craves indulgence, or some one says something mean about you, and you feel just about ready to give up when our great Captain through his Holy Spirit says, "Turn, bravely turn, we're going back!" and with the eye fixed heavenward, and a prayer breathed Godward, and trusting in him who never yielded to temptation and who has not lost a battle, back you go against the foe, the old habit is overcome, the mean thing is forgiven and forgotten, and the way suddenly lights up with the sunshine of the presence of God.

A. S. HASKINS.

Of all trees, I observe, God hath chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpless wall; of all beasts the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading palm, but in a bush—a humble, slender, abject shrub; as if he would by these elections check the conceited arrogance of man.—*Owen Feltham.*

The Holy Trinity.

My God, my Father, let me rest
In the calm sun-glow of thy face,
Until thy love in me expressed
Draws others to thy throne of grace.

O Jesu, Master, let me hold
Such secret fellowship with thee,
That others, careless once and cold,
Won to my Lord and theirs may be.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
The light of life to me impart,
Till fire descending from above
Burns on and on from heart to heart.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Still, still may love to love respond;
And teach me, when I love thee most,
Depths all unfathomed lie beyond.
—Bishop Bickersteth.

An Everyday Hero.

BY GEORGE C. WILDING, D.D.

A SHORT time since I took dinner with a preacher friend who lives in a near-by city. In an hour I was to preach for him at an evening service. We discussed the approaching meeting and its possibilities, the church and its work, and then we fell to talking about the work of a city pastor and the rare and peculiar opportunities that he has to study life and understand human nature.

And not all of the visions of human nature that open up to his eyes are sordid and selfish. In humble life he often is permitted to behold some radiant examples of unselfishness and self-denial.

This city pastor told me of a case that had occurred directly under the range of his own observation. In a large factory not far from his church the foreman was not in the best of health. His nervous state was such that any undue excitement upset him; and in the past his mind had been for a brief season slightly unbalanced. From this, however, he had entirely recovered.

In the same factory, and under this foreman, was a most competent and intelligent young man, who was a faithful and conscientious follower of Christ. All of his work he performed with painstaking care and Christian fidelity. His light was not hidden under a bushel. He did not blow his own trumpet, but other eyes were upon him. All of the men in that great factory knew just what manner of man he was. And they profoundly respected him.

Little by little the superintendent of the factory got an inkling of things. He came to comprehend that our young man was in reality the most competent man about the place. He was the chief man, but not the foreman. So it came about, at last, that the superintendent offered him the position as foreman.

And now was our hero in trouble indeed. He was ambitious and longed to succeed. He wanted promotion, was eager to have it come, had waited long for it. Now that it smiled down upon him he scarcely knew what to do. He was a close friend of the old foreman. He knew that the foreman's family needed the position and the wages. And he trembled with fear lest the loss of the position would have an alarming effect upon him, physically and mentally. What should he do?

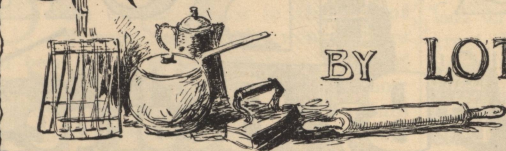
I suppose there are many workmen who would not have hesitated an instant. They would have reasoned within themselves on this wise: I have not made an effort to secure this place. It comes to me unsought. I feel that I can fill the position. I need the extra income. If I don't take it somebody else may get it. It is not at all my fault if the old foreman cannot fill the bill. I'll accept the place as my due. It is simply a larger field of usefulness.

But our modest young friend was a different type of man. He could not at once decide what to do. He prayed and meditated long and earnestly over the matter. He was anxious simply to do the right thing. When a man has a single vision he soon comes to see the path of duty clear and open.

His mind was made up. He could not afford to ruin his unfortunate friend. He prevailed upon the superintendent to continue the old foreman, with the understanding that the company should have the full benefit of his experience and judgment to supplement that of the foreman. And he continues to this day in the humbler position at the smaller salary.

I pronounce him a hero as much as if he had won laurels upon the battlefield. I am sure that the CLASSMATE boys and girls will applaud my hero. But if he knew we called him a hero he would blush with embarrassment. And that helps to prove that he is a real hero.

GREAT-AUNT'S FAVORITE



BY LOTTA MILLER

“ALL winter, Elsa! Surely not all winter!”

Effie paused in the homely occupation of slicing potatoes, and, holding knife and potato motionless, stood regarding her sister with incredulous astonishment. But Elsa went steadily on with the *meringue* she was making for the pudding baking in great-aunt's honor. Great-aunt had only arrived that afternoon, and there had been a long consultation in mother's room from which Effie had been necessarily absent, preparing for the guest's comfort. Mother was not able to attend to these things because it was one of her bad days, and great-aunt was not a guest to be slighted—the best John Mathiot's house could afford would be poor compared with what great-aunt enjoyed quite as a matter of course when she was at home.

“Yes, all winter! Won't it be delightful?”

Elsa's eyes sparkled, and her delicate cheeks glowed with excitement. Effie dropped her eyelids to conceal the moisture gathering beneath them. Elsa was going, and she was glad to go!

Well, why not? Wouldn't Effie be equally glad if she got the same chance? And it wasn't Elsa's fault that she looked like the old pictures of great-aunt in the family collection. Effie herself belonged in looks to “mother's side,” and was “stupid and commonplace,” while Elsa was “bright and original,” to quote from Effie's private opinions. So was it any wonder that Elsa should be great-aunt's favorite? Elsa was naturally “bookish” too, another thing that pleased great-aunt, though she held that a young girl's education should not be altogether derived from books, hence this winter of travel through the South.

Effie was “slow to learn,” and acquiring an education was to her a laborious process. She could not study, “no matter how things went,” as Elsa could and did. To Elsa unswept rooms, unmade beds, unwashed dishes, even uncooked meals were of secondary importance compared to the pursuit of knowledge. However, Effie never dreamed of blaming her and cheerfully left her own lessons to help mother. What was a little help to mother now to what Elsa would be able to do for her by and by? For Elsa had a brilliant future before her, and Effie was positive she would never be anybody but “just Effie.” Then was she going to be selfish enough to begrudge Elsa the advantages of this Southern winter with great-aunt? No, indeed.

So she kissed them both good-bye with genuine pleasure in Elsa's prospective pleasure, though her heart ached with loneliness before the carriage was out of sight. However, she did not have long time to brood over the separation, for Mrs. Mathiot's one bad day was followed by an indefinite number, during which she was not able to leave her room, and the house-keeping fell into the hands of a series of incompetent “girls” whose unperformed duties, combined with more unlearned lessons than ever, nearly drove Effie frantic. And as if this were not enough there was finally added something hitherto unheard of—her father finding fault. Mr. Mathiot, harassed into irritability by anxiety, dyspeptic food, business losses, and enormously increased household expenses, one evening spoke to Effie of the latter in this wise:

“It does seem to me, Effie, that you ought to remember how your mother managed these things. The amount of this grocery bill is appalling—like the meals we have had.”

And a little later, when she presented her report card to him for signature, he frowned over its figures, and said:

“I wish, Effie, that you would make better use of your time at school. I'd be ashamed of an average barely good enough to pull me through the grades.”

After he went upstairs she laid her head on the table and cried, not from any sense of injustice, however. She was ashamed of her average, and she knew her father was greatly worried over money matters.

“I'm a dunce at school anyway,” she lamented. “If I could only stay out and do the work myself I might get a little

time to study; and I believe I could learn more if I didn't have that dreadful system of marks to frighten everything out of my head. But I suppose there's no use asking father to let me.”

She sighed, then gasped at a sudden daring thought: Why worry her father about permission? and if he granted it, with the knowledge that she was being kept out of school? She did not stop to consider the right or wrong of the thought. To help her father—to make things more comfortable—overshadowed everything else.

She wrote a note to the presiding genius of her grade, who was no genius at all, but an unfaithful teacher, else there would have been an “investigation” instead of a



“SURE AN' I'M NOT SORRY TO BE LEAVIN'.”

feeling of relief at the withdrawal of a dull pupil. The preoccupied father, the sick mother, and the doctor's edict forbidding any great amount of “sick visiting” on account of the patient's nerves made the subsequent following out of the thought comparatively easy.

The beginning of the plan was the next morning at breakfast, when Effie asked in an offhand way:

“Father, if I have a chance to try a new girl may I discharge this one?”

“For mercy's sake, yes!” The breakfast was a particularly heavy and indigestible one of “frieds.” “Pay her and let her go in peace, if you think you can better our condition by a change.”

He handed her the amount due the unsatisfactory occupant of the kitchen, who shortly after received it and her dismissal joyously.

“Sure an' I'm not sorry to be leavin' such a place, wid a cross masther an' a sick mistress an' a slip of a girl givin' orders about the cookin' that would puzzle a smarter than Biddy Fogarty, belike.”

Shortly afterward the new girl appeared, and Effie announced the fact to her mother when she ran in, as was her custom when the hour arrived to start to school, and as she always prepared her mother's meals at noon as well as other times the latter never suspected that the new girl was not a *bona fide* article.

Mr. Mathiot enjoyed a well-cooked dinner that evening, but the new girl did not appear. Effie served it herself and waited on her father.

“How did you arrive at such a treasure, Effie?” asked her father. “You had heard of her before.”

“I know her people,” said Effie, evasively.

“O! Then I suppose she is all right. However, it wouldn't do any harm to see her myself.”

“O, father, please don't! I can ask her all the questions necessary,” said Effie, looking much distressed.

“Well, then, I'll trust to your discretion. But watch your Martha, Effie. Sometimes good cooks are as wasteful as poor ones.”

“This one isn't, father,” said Effie, with decision. “Just you leave the management of everything to me and see if I don't work wonders in economy.”

“Well, we can't have too much of that, Effie,” sighed Mr. Mathiot.

After that everything went on very smoothly, though the new girl was something of a puzzle. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Mathiot ever got a glimpse of her. But, as Effie explained, her domain was the kitchen, and as long as the work there is done well she, Effie, was certainly willing enough to look after the rest of the house.

“But you are in the kitchen too, after school,” said Mrs. Mathiot.

“Just a little while before dinner, still, you exacting dame.”

“And I am certain Martha works in

her kitchen long after she ought to be in bed. I've heard her.”

“What a mistress! Bemoaning her maid's application to duty!”

“It isn't that. It's the queerness of it.”

“Father, Martha doesn't suit mother. Shall we have Biddy Fogarty again?”

“Not if I can prevent it,” said Mr. Mathiot.

“You hear, mother? You must be reconciled to Martha's queerness.”

One day the advance of spring came suddenly with a robin's song and a letter from the travelers announcing their return soon. “Martha” fell upon the guest chamber and annihilated the dust therein without mercy; but the robin's song was a trifle premature, and she caught a frightful cold from dampness and draughts.

“And, Effie, you have a cold, too. Now, I forbid you to help Martha clean house any more. Remember.”

“Yes—atchoo!—mother—atchoo! We ought to have known it was too early. I am truly sorry, mother.”

“You aren't fit to go to school, Effie.”

“Nonsense, mother.”

The very next afternoon great-aunt and Elsa came walking in unexpectedly and inopportunely in the middle of the afternoon. “Martha's” cold was worse. Her head ached, her breath caught with a pain, and she had a queer “light” sensation at times.

“I guess Martha'll have to go,” she had just whispered to herself as the travelers arrived.

“Where's Effie, mother?” cried Elsa. “O, yes, at school! I must see her right away. I'll go and meet her!”

“It isn't quite time yet, dear—”

But Elsa was running down the front stairs as "Martha" laboriously climbed the back ones. She went into Effie's room, and Effie herself came out a few moments later, went down the stairs again through the kitchen and back yard, and disappeared by way of the alley.

An hour later, when Elsa and Effie entered the kitchen together, Martha was not to be found.

"Never mind," said Effie, pressing both hands to her throbbing head and struggling to repress the shivers that threatened each moment to shake her from top to toe. "If you'll help a little, Elsa, we'll manage dinner all right. But, poor dear, you are tired."

"I am, but I should say you were, too, by the look of you. Why, Effie, what a terrible cold you have! And that girl disappearing like this!"

And it seemed to be for good.

Effie's room, that both the girls had formerly occupied, was now unfit for Elsa to sleep in, Effie declared as they went upstairs.

"You must sleep on the couch in the guest chamber to-night," she said, and there Elsa had to go in spite of remonstrances.

"Effie is different somehow," thought Elsa, longing for the delayed interchange of sisterly confidences. In the middle of the night she awoke with such a craving for her sister's presence that she jumped out of bed and ran barefooted along the corridor to Effie's room.

"Won't she be surprised to find me here in the morning?" thought Elsa, creeping into bed and bending over to kiss the cheek turned to her in the moonlight. Then she uttered a startled little exclamation, for the cheek was burning hot. Effie wasn't sleeping either. Her eyes stared wide, and as Elsa gazed she began to talk in queer, gasping sentences.

Frightened nearly out of her wits, but afraid to go for her father, lest her mother might be needlessly alarmed, Elsa ran back along the hall for great-aunt. One look at Effie was enough for even that inexperienced old lady.

"This child must be seen to at once," she said. "Call your father, Elsa, and have him 'phone for the doctor immediately."

"It's pneumonia," the doctor said, looking very grave; "and I'm afraid we'll have a hard fight with it. I ought to have seen her sooner."

"I didn't know there was anything wrong," said her father. "You know, doctor, Effie never was one to complain or think of herself first."

Elsa's heart seemed to contract. No, Effie never was one to complain or think of herself first—she had been the one for that.

"I'm sick—Martha'll have to quit," muttered Effie, between the catches of pain. "And our room isn't in order yet. There—O, I wish dinner was over! No, Elsa, you mustn't come in—you *mustn't*! Martha isn't here—she isn't anywhere—ha, ha! Why, Elsa, there wasn't any Martha. She was just make-believe! Don't you remember how we used to play make-believe in the garret? But don't tell father."

"What does the child mean?" inquired great-aunt; and she was highly indignant at not having been informed of the winter's troubles in time to render financial assistance.

"All this might have been avoided," she said, waving her hand toward Effie's couch of suffering.

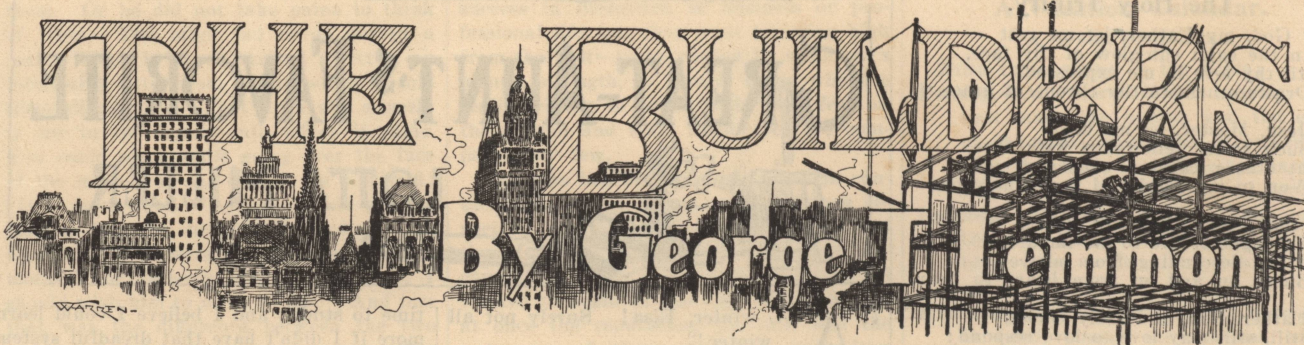
But Effie's suffering was not altogether useless. In the dreadful sixty hours of delirium that followed great-aunt "got acquainted" with her other grandniece. And no one knew what words so often made her lips move tremulously. It was the prayer, "Please God, there'll be a chance to make it up to her."

And there was. As soon as she was able great-aunt spirited her away for a month of her own "down South," and later whisked her and her mother off together for another month at the seashore. And Elsa insisted on being allowed to "play Martha," and played it with a humble earnestness that was good to see.

"I don't see, Effie," said great-aunt one day, "why you didn't write and let me know about things."

"I never thought of you in connection with our troubles," said Effie, with simple and direct truthfulness. "I know now it was wrong in me to do what I did, but, then, I only thought of helping father a little. Besides, great-aunt, you know I was never used to you about anything. I'm not your favorite, you know."

"I'm not sure of that," murmured great-aunt. But Effie didn't hear.



XI.—FOR THE THIRD STORY.

"I HAVE watched a good many brooding hens," says Dr. Parkhurst, "but I never saw one facilitating the hatching process by pecking the shell. The chick on the inside will get out if he is worth it."

What does the great preacher mean? Just this: that you must wait, endure, hang on smilingly after you have set your will to the execution of your plan and purpose. Success is not born in a day. It takes time to hatch its eggs. The old hen must get weary waiting for the chicks to peep, but she continues to "set." That's her work. She keeps at it. Do the same. You must work and wait, you must "set" the full time, or there will be no success in your life. If your plan does not call for hard work it is worthless. If your purpose does not include unceasing toil you may as well throw it away. Your will is deficient unless it is able to keep your nose to the grindstone, day and night, until death or victory arrives.

Patience is a master virtue, but be sure you have a correct picture of it. If you think it is a pretty thing in fine clothes, which sits with folded arms and snoring nose in an easy chair, waiting for the birds of fortune to drop prizes in its lap, you are terribly mistaken. Patience is no drone. It hasn't a lazy bone in its anatomy. A soft seat would be an offense to it. It is not looking for "soft snaps," but for hard jobs which performed will bless the race. Patience is a thing of calloused hands, hardened muscles, taut nerve, hot heart, and ever-active brain. You will find it in overalls, or in the agony of thought and expression. Patience is that sublime thing which works on in the hovel, though it knows itself fit for the palace; that Christlike thing which keeps sweet with fisherman companions, though conscious of its communion with God, and its right to elevation by his side. It is that master trait of genius, that glorious self-control of the well-furnished soul by which it hums to itself the songs which are to stir the world—hums them with the assurance that at some moment, and thus at any moment, the world may burst in and demand the song, and express its wonder for living so long without it. Patience is the tried soul, which knows its worth as Jesus did his worth, yet which, while diligently doing good, waits God's time for the coronation.

Possess your soul in patience. Take time to do your work well. Frederick Leighton determined to paint a picture that would win the prize at the Royal Academy. He began with an Italian landscape. He decided to put an olive tree in the background, but there were no such trees in England. He remembered that years before while traveling in southern Italy he had seen just such a tree as he now desired to paint, so off he started. All the way from England to Italy he went to sketch one tree for the background of a picture! No wonder his picture proved a masterpiece. Patience working ceaselessly, patience taking pains, patience content to perfect every detail, won, and Sir Frederick Leighton was for years the honored president of the Royal Academy.

Do you like honey? You think bees make it. Sometimes I think it would be more truthful to say patience makes it, the bees serving simply as the machinery. Wise naturalists tell us that the collection of sweetness for one pound of honey necessitates three million seven hundred and fifty thousand visits by bees to the sweet cups of the flowers! Think of it—three million seven hundred and fifty thousand winged journeys! Go to the bee, thou success-desirer, and learn of her how to fly with untiring wings and gather tiniest by tiniest the sweetness which will fill your soul with joy and crown your life well lived.

Here is the story of a man who surely learned of the bees. That good friend of the outcasts, John Howard, heard of him when on his tour inspecting the prisons of Europe. In the prison of Basel he heard of a prisoner who was determined to es-

cape. His cell was near the great clock which told the hours to the free without and to the bound within. The entrance to the clock room was by a trapdoor through the roof, fastened with heavy bolts. Converting a spoon into a saw, the prisoner with great patience cut through into the clock room, hiding all traces of his work. The clock room gained, there were the bolts. How could he drive them out? A stroke on the metal would ring out in the stillness like a bell. That was an obstacle. No, it was a gain. He combined bar-stroke and bell-stroke. Night after night he stole into the clock room, and, to avoid being heard, struck the bolts just as the clock was striking the hour. What marvelous patience! Think of standing an hour from midnight until one in the morning to strike a single blow on the stubborn bolts, and then to stand for another hour for the sake of striking twice. How thankful that man must have been those nights when he dared enter in time to strike with the clock at the strokes of eleven and twelve. Did he escape? Surely such patience deserved success. The bolts were finally driven out. He stood on the roof; freedom was far below. He must drop from gallery to gallery, and pass three sets of patrols to gain freedom. He passed the guards, and committed himself to a rope to descend from the last gallery, but the rope was far too short to reach the ground. He dropped and broke many bones, but recovered, and the town, astonished and inspired by his patience, gave him his freedom.

Surely, if a knave can be patient a saint should be. If the evil work and wait the good should be even more ready to possess their souls in patience, and, while laboring zealously, still endure with good grace the postponement of their cherished dreams and well-earned rewards. In this bustling and hustling age, when all eyes are dazzled by the swift rising of many new stars, and most eyes shut to the sudden downfall of many who have reached the top, there is vast need of a stalwart company of heroes who will dare and do, yet patiently endure with tight lips and steady eyes no matter whether the world applauds or jeers.

Good work costs, and patience is the largest coin minted. When you run to Webster's *Dictionary* remember its author toiled for thirty-six years, and a score of other men have toiled on it for a dozen more, to get it ready to answer your questions. Read the story of your great country's rise, as you turn the pages of Bancroft's *History of the United States* bear in mind that he was twenty-six years gathering what you read so quickly. Gibbon tells the story of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Read it, and realize that the work which charms you took his heart, and it is to be feared his soul, for twenty years. You have read the fine pages of Washington Irving. As you read them you desired to be an author too. Think of his patience when you learn that he was seventy years old before his many books paid him enough to support his household.

Patience is a necessity to success. It takes many a stroke to finish a statue, many a touch to paint a masterpiece, many a thought to build a book, many a search to rear the argument which will win the case at law, many a weary digging into musty Latin tomes and wearying hours of laboratory work to fit the physician to heal a body, many a long year of honest application to the things of men and of God before the preacher builds the sermon that surprises the world. Patience—in all thy gettings get this, and let it in all its sweetness and blessedness crown your life.

Old Testament Expressions.

THERE are many pictorial expressions in constant and everyday use, and familiar as household words, having their origin in passages to be found in the matchless English of the grand old "King James Version" of the Bible. One who did not know might hesitate to believe that they are supported by such high au-

thority; and our modern over-sensitive taste might be tempted even to designate them as "slang," but they are really word-pictures.

Nearly one half of those here quoted, with reference to chapter and verse, it will be noticed, are taken from the Psalms; but David, the sweet singer, was what we would now call a familiar poet.

"I have stuck unto thy testimonies. O Lord, put me not to shame."—Psa. 67. 31.

"Their heart is as fat as grease; but I delight in thy law."—Psa. 67. 70.

"I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."—Job 17. 20.

"I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me."—Psa. 22. 17.

"Spreading himself like a green bay tree."—Psa. 37. 35.

"Is his mercy clean gone forever?"—Psa. 127. 8.

"The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart."—Psa. 105. 21.

"His enemies shall lick the dust."—Psa. 127. 9.

"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."—Psa. 107. 27.

"He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it."—Prov. 11. 15.

"The Lord of hosts shall make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees."—Isa. 25. 6.

"The nations are as a drop of the bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance."—Isa. 11. 15.

"As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel." (A wheel within a wheel.)—Ezek. 10. 10.

Poor, but Honest.

THE late Bishop How, of England, was a famous teller of anecdotes, this among others:

"A bishop once stayed at a house where they put out for him a set of silver-mounted brushes. When he left the brushes disappeared, and the master of the house waited some days, thinking he should receive them back; but not doing so, he wrote and inquired if they had got packed up by mistake with the bishop's things. He received a telegram next day saying, 'Poor, but honest; look in table drawer.'"

A Little of Everything.

THE painting which attracted the most notice at the French "salon" art exhibition of 1901 was a representation of Jesus bound to a pillar and tormented by a crowd of persons in modern costume, representing the classes who hate the Saviour.

SANDRINGHAM, the estate upon which the present king of England has lived for so many years, includes eight thousand acres, and cost a million dollars in 1861. A large herd of dairy cattle and two hundred and twenty carriage horses are kept on the place.

AN English farmer is training bees as letter carriers. A bee is taken away from its home, and a tiny piece of paper printed in micro-photography is gummed to its little back, and then the bee is thrown into the air. Of course, he goes home, as the carrier pigeon does; and, of course, if a bee can carry a message it is far better in war time to send a bee than a pigeon. The bee would probably never be seen, or, if seen, it would tax the skill of the finest Boer marksman to bring it down.

ALTHOUGH it requires only eighteen hundred people to do all the human labor in a great watch factory—many of them never touching a machine—there is a total product every working day in the year of at least three million individual pieces—that is, once the machinery is installed it enables the comparatively small number of eighteen hundred people, with small running expenses, to turn out a billion wheels, cases, bells, pinions, etc., in a single year. Eight hundred different operations are necessary to complete the cheapest serviceable watch.

The Sunday School.

Lesson III.—July 21.

NOAH SAVED IN THE ARK.—Gen. 8. 1-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.*—Gen. 6. 8.

HOME READINGS.

Mon. Man's wickedness. Gen. 6. 5-18.
Tu. The punishment. Gen. 7. 13-24.
Wed. Noah Saved in the Ark. Gen. 8. 1-12.
Th. Noah Saved in the Ark. Gen. 8. 13-22.
Fri. God's covenant. Gen. 9. 8-17.
Sat. A preacher of righteousness. 2 Pet. 2. 1-9.
Sun. The lesson for us. Matt. 24. 34-42.

IN the primeval world the first event that impressed itself with indelible power on all the branches of the human family was the flood. There are traditions of it in every race, and many of them bear a close likeness to the biblical story. They all attest the greatness of the storm, and some record the sending out of birds and the number of the persons saved. Even the Indians of America and the islanders of Tahiti tell of a raft and a great storm and the family saved.

A MAMMOTH SHIP.

This is the first ship mentioned in the Bible, and it is a big one. In our day we pride ourselves on our large ocean steamships. And they are great, some of them as long as the monument at Washington is tall. But what do we have to build them with? Great forges, strong cranes, hordes of workmen, everything that human ingenuity can devise to put wood and metal into place, and when a vessel is completed we feel that a mighty work has been done. Yet here was this shipmaster who must not only sail his mammoth ship, but must also plan and build it. Noah must find material and laborers and lay out the lines of his ark. Just how big the ark was as compared with our modern ships may be hard to tell, owing to the variation in the cubit, but the moral lesson which this patriarch teaches is most definite. As he toils on year after year he is telling his neighbors that there is a God in the heavens, and that he is noting either with approbation or disapproval their daily lives, and that if the judgments are long delayed the day of reckoning will surely come. Noah then becomes a great prophet of the true God.

THE GREAT CARGO.

In moments of great excitement when a house is on fire some strange things are rescued by those who flee from the building for their lives. One lady who wanted very much to save some valuable papers from the flames found when she got outside of her home that all she had saved was a comb. That there might be no hurry and consequent loss, when the flood came Noah began in ample time and loaded his vessel for the voyage, taking on beast and bird of every kind. God seems to say to the race that even the dumb animals are of more value to him than a corrupt and sinful nation or race. And also that the righteous man, whether he be Noah or Washington, shall dwell in peace and find salvation for himself.

A NOTED FAMILY.

The recent death of England's great queen brings to mind how nearly all the reigning families of Europe are allied to Victoria, the czar of Russia and the emperor of Germany being among the number. What a royal family that is that rules over so large a part of the earth! The famous Field family of America, that possessed so many brothers who became famed as ministers, financiers, and lawyers, is only a marked illustration of the fact that here in America, where we have no titled pomp, whole families may rise to world-wide fame. Noah's righteousness made the whole family famous. He, by his sincere convictions carefully kept, made the sons marked and distinguished. And this often happens, for the luster of the father's name must rest on the descendants who bear his name. Lyman Beecher's name and fame was no small capital on which his sons and daughters could build their own reputation. This is said not to militate against those who are deficient of such an advantage, but rather to encourage us all in the care with which we regard our deeds, whether we are children growing up to maturity or parents already intrusted with the oversight of children. A good character is like a ray of bright sunshine that shows the dust and impurities in the air, but also causes flowers to spring and fields to grow mellow with harvests. So a noble person walking through the world shows up its sins and wretchedness, but also causes whole communities to ripen into holy faith.

The Epworth League.

Thoughts on the Prayer Meeting Topic.

JULY 21.—*A Strong Weak Man.*—Judg. 16. 20-30.

OUR lesson for this week gives us the closing scenes in the life of Samson, who for twenty years had been judge of the southern tribes of the Hebrews. Samson's strength had now departed from him, and he had fallen into the hands of his enemies. We are told that "the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house." His enemies rejoiced over his miseries. They sacrificed unto their heathen gods, and gave thanks, saying, "Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand." At last there came a day when, as the Philistines were holding revelry, and thousands of lords and ladies were gathered in riotous merriment, they had the blind Samson brought forth from his prison to make sport for them. But they did not know that his strength had returned; and that, in their cruelty, they were planning their own destruction. Suddenly, without any warning, the building in which they were assembled was shaken from its foundations, and fell upon them in overwhelming ruin. Samson had taken hold of the "two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein."

It is an awful history of cruelty, and revenge, and punishment for sin. But we know that, in the end, faith triumphed. For in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews Samson's name is placed among the heroes "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, . . . out of weakness were made strong."

And the lesson that here especially suggests itself is that of strength in weakness. Samson was a strong weak man; and his experience has had many parallels in the history of spiritual life. Often and often have men and women found that the times of their apparent weakness were the times of their greatest strength. They have been robbed of all that which had seemed to make life worth having—good fortune, or health, or pleasant surroundings; and darkness has come over their souls. All happiness has seemingly departed. So they thought; but how short-sighted was their vision! For light has come in the midst of the darkness; a strange new joy has stolen the bitterness from sorrow; and in the possession of a newly found trust in God they have been able to sing:

"I praise thee while my days go on;
 I love thee while my days go on!
 Through dark and dearth, through fire
 and frost,
 With emptied arms and treasure lost,
 I thank thee while my days go on!"

"Out of weakness were made strong." How many there are who can testify to this experience! Invalids, lying on beds of pain, and yet singing "songs in the night," reminding all who come near them of the strength which God can give; disappointed men and women, whose youthful ambitions have never been realized, but who have found brighter hopes and loftier ambitions in self-denying service for others; souls that have learned by bitter experience and fierce battling with temptations that in themselves is only weakness, but in Christ is their strength.

And the soul that possesses this strength is the truly blest, no matter what may be the apparent weakness. The heart that has found rest and joy in God has found the highest good, no matter how bereft the outer life may be. May ours be the victory of faith! May we be led through life's varying experiences from strength to strength! May we not fear the coming of trials, or any darkness by the way; for Christ, who is our strength, will lead us safely through the darkness into his perfect light.

"Through love to light! O, wonderful the way
 That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
 From darkness and from sorrow of the night
 To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
 Through love to light! Through light,
 O God, to thee
 Who art the love of love, the eternal light
 of light."

It is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

Leader's Notes on Junior League Topics.

TOPIC FOR JULY.—"LOVE OF COUNTRY."

JULY 21.—*What Dangers Threaten Our Country's Welfare?*—Isa. 28. 1-8.

THE prophet Isaiah was not inclined to look on the dark side of things, but he saw great danger to the people from drunkenness. The danger in our day and country is much greater. Perhaps in a city, if it is a small one, there are fifty churches, but do you suppose there are not more than fifty saloons and places where liquor is sold? You will always notice that on the nice streets, where there are beautiful buildings, there are few saloons, but along the poor streets the saloons are found only a few doors apart, and we wonder how the people who have scarcely money enough to buy bread for their families can support so many saloons. Mrs. Nation, who in her zeal to shut up "the joints," as she calls liquor saloons, has done some rash things, yet coined one sentence that I wish the boys and girls would remember. "Smash the saloons, boys," she is reported to have said, "or the saloons will smash you." There are better ways of smashing the saloons than with stones and hatchets. If people would keep away for one week the saloon-keeper would begin to think of closing up his doors. The miller stops his wheel when the grist gives out. The saloon-keeper will stop selling liquor when people stop buying it. The pool rooms of a certain city were many of them forced to close their doors recently by a law which made it necessary to have minors bring a paper signed by the parents or guardians, and also by the policeman of the division of the city in which the boy lived.

"Most of our patrons are boys from fourteen to eighteen years old," the pool room keepers declared, "and if you take them away our business is ruined." Smash the saloon by staying away from it, and by keeping everyone else away from it, as far as your influence extends.

Cigarette smoking threatens the welfare of our country. A young man boasted in a drugstore recently that he had smoked thirty-five cigarettes that day. "You don't care much for your life, do you?" a gentleman standing by asked him. "I've been smoking them since I was ten years old, and I'm not dead yet," the young man replied. He did not say, what everyone in the store must have noticed, that the vile habit was slowly but surely breaking down his health, as was shown by his pale face and trembling hands.

Bad books threaten the welfare of our country, for whatever corrupts the youth of a country weakens that country. Dr. Josiah Strong in his book *The Twentieth Century City* says: "In addition to the sheets which make a specialty of sensation, vice, and crime, thousands of tons of fiction, cheap in every sense, circulate through the mail as second-class matter at special rates. 'Blood-curdling' stories for boys and girls are a large part of this stuff." If a boy or girl offers to show or lend you a book in a secret way you may be sure it is not a good book. Any book or picture that you are ashamed to let your mother see is not worthy to be held in the hands, or found in the pockets, of a Junior Epworth League boy or girl.

Sabbath breaking is one of the dangers that threaten our country's welfare. In Spain Sunday is a favorite day for bull fights and other brutal sports. In France, Italy, and other countries of Europe the holy day has become a holiday, and an hour's attendance at church in the morning leaves the rest of the day open to be spent in drinking and revelry. Let us repeat the fourth commandment together, and let us resolve to keep God's day holy, and thus to show our love for our country as well as our love to God.

The love of money is the fifth and last enemy of our country's welfare that we will mention. Any way of getting a penny, except honestly earning it, opens the way to dishonor and deceit.

On the blackboard we see a picture of each one of the five foes of our country's welfare which we have pointed out. (Turn blackboard and show pictures of 1. Rum bottle; 2. Box of cigarettes; 3. Book marked "Sensationalism"; 4. Sunday paper; 5. Bag of money marked "Dishonest gains.") The Irishman's motto was, "Wherever you see a head hit it." Let us take this for our motto whenever one of these foes of our country shows its head.

"Tremble, tyrants; we are growing up," once struck terror to the oppressors' hearts, and these foes of our country's welfare may well tremble when they realize that our God-fearing boys and girls are growing up.

To-day's Miracle.

WHAT is in thy basket? As thou
 Passes 'mongst the busy crowd,
 Thou wilt hear the cry of hunger
 Whispered or proclaimed aloud:
 "We are fainting!" But thy basket
 Thou dost guard with jealous care.
 For thy need it scarce sufficeth;
 Shalt thou with the rabble share?

Loaves and fishes in thy basket!
 "I will keep mine own," thou say'st.
 He who waits to feed the people
 Answers, "If thou wilt, thou may'st."
 Poverty is in thy basket.
 Would'st thou taste the heavenly food?
 Give thy little, Christ will bless it,
 And 'twill feed the multitude.
 —Mrs. O. W. Scott.

Pop Corn and Missions.

"JUST to think of it!" said Helen to Harry, excitedly, "our corn has popped away over to India! I thought it was great that it could go to New Mexico, and out on the frontier, and to far-away places where the Sunday school missionary money goes, but somehow it seems wonderful to think of its going to help some of those starving children in India!"

"I used to wonder what it would do in the summer when it just looked as though the sun meant to burn it all up! But I made up my mind that if water would do any good it should have all it wanted, and so when I turned the hose on our lawn I always turned it on the corn too," said Harry, "and I'm glad I did."

"You have a right to be glad, for you had more corn than any of us. The trouble with me was I kept forgetting. But I want to try again next year. See if I forget then!" And Helen set her lips together tightly.

This is the story of the pop corn: The minister's wife had the care of the Junior League, and she wanted to have her girls and boys learn the blessedness of giving. They did not have much spending money, and she thought even if they had it would be better for them to earn the money they gave, themselves. So she proposed that they should raise pop corn for missions, and she went herself to the best seedsman she could hear of, and bought the seed corn. She put several kernels into each of thirty-five little envelopes, each bearing a name, and gave to the members of the Junior League. They hurried home to tell the story to their friends, and to plan the very best time and place for planting. And they did not forget, for thirty-five little folks in that small country village planted pop corn at about the same time, and all for the same purpose.

What an interest and delight it was all the summer long! To be sure, some grew a little careless, and in a few cases the corn did not grow, and in at least one case a great windstorm blew down the tall stalks when they were nearly grown. But for the most part there was real love manifested, and when the time came to gather and sell the corn you may be sure there was much planning and talking, and much business activity.

The pastor invited the Juniors to take part in the autumnal service. All who had planted corn wore badges of yellow ribbon, and marched into church singing. The children's part in the program for the day was greatly enjoyed, and when it was over the Juniors marched to the platform singing "Bringing in the Sheaves," and as they passed the treasurer of the League each dropped his or her corn money into the silver tray she held, which was presented to the pastor, who prayed for a special blessing upon this love money, which was given so willingly for the cause of missions by these loyal young people.

Would you like to know exactly what was done with the six dollars into which those precious kernels of corn had grown? I will tell you, and you can see "how far a little candle sheds its light."

One dollar went to the Sunday school missionary society, and will help the cause of missions in both our own and far-distant lands. Another dollar was sent to help the Mothers' Jewels Home in York, Neb. This is a Home for homeless children under the care of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Two dollars started on a journey to the famine sufferers of the Baroda Orphanage in India. Think of the blessing they will carry! And the remaining two dollars will help in the education of a dear young Spanish-American girl in Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Who would not like to raise corn that would pop out into new and better lives all around this old world? An individual can do this as well as a League!

M. V. M.



A ROTARY SNOWPLOW IN THE SIERRAS. [See page 219.]

A Church in a Cannibal Island.

A METHODIST lady bound on a voyage from Australia to Singapore reports an interesting experience in a New Guinea port where their ship anchored over Sunday:

It was rather a showery Sunday morning that found us in the pretty sheltered harbor of Matupi. In a semicircle around the bay were hills of volcanic construction, one of which had its cone burnt away in recent years; another had steam issuing from it. All showed signs of internal fires. The other side of the harbor was the native town with its houses of grass, that looked like ornamented haystacks. We heard that there was a Wesleyan church in this town, and we were anxious to go to the service.

Soon after we landed we found a neatly dressed man with a book in his hand, who informed us that he was going to "lotu" (worship). We followed him, and soon came up with others all going in the same direction. By and by we came to a narrow path hedged in with brush wood, where all had to go single file. We joined in the procession, and a man with two chairs on his back for the lady visitors followed up in the rear.

The church proved to be a commodious one, of very simple construction. The posts and rafters were cocoanut trunks, the sides and roof of attap, with openings left for doors and windows. The floor was strewn with palm leaves. The pulpit was square, high, and roomy, with a rude ladder at the back to climb into it. This pulpit, with a small table, was the only furniture in the place. By degrees the building was well filled, the men coming in and sitting on the floor on one side, the women sliding in and occupying the other. All were neatly dressed, which spoke volumes for the patient work of the missionaries' wives, for we were among savage people who wore only necklaces and such like, and ten miles inland cannibals were to be found. The colors chosen were the brightest of the bright, turkey red and bright blue or green being in equal parts in a garment. Their hair was the short curly hair of the Papuan race, but in many cases it had been bleached to yellow ochre with lime. This made the children particularly look so strange. The hair resembled a wig of sheepskin stuck on their dark pates.

One woman in the congregation seemed a little more important than the rest. I fancy she was the Fijian preacher's wife. She came in with her baby tied to her breast. She had her books and a neat little mat in her hand. When the service began the mat was spread on the floor, the sleeping baby placed on it, while the mother gave her whole attention to the service. One of our party, who seemed surprised at the number of people who came to the service, told in a facetious way of how when the mission was started tobacco was given to each one who would attend service. After a time the workers thought they ought to come without the bribe, but the natives replied, "No tobacco, no hallelulah." We began to question this statement, and found out that this was a stock story told at all the islands where missionaries were at work. Later we found one of our passengers had heard it, and was writing it as a fact.

But to return to the congregation: First came a catechism service. A neatly dressed man in white began by chanting the question. The whole congregation chanted the reply. We sat down on the floor by a woman and looked over her book. A word here and there like an English proper name we recognized. One question we thought to be, "In what name were

you baptized?" and were glad to be with these simple people who too were learning of the precious name of Jesus. We learned afterward that the cardinal doctrines of Christianity were taught in this way.

By the time the catechism service was over the Fijian preacher was in the high pulpit, and all gave reverent attention to the prayer and earnest sermon and joined heartily in the singing. We were particularly interested in these people, for we could remember when a frail little woman, the wife of one of the pioneer missionaries, had landed in this port, and how her brave heart had failed when she saw the naked savages among whom she was to work. As the result here was the Christian congregation at Matupi.

We remembered, too, hearing of the interest raised in Sydney, when a large company of stalwart Fijian teachers with their wives passed through *en route* for New Guinea to carry the Gospel they had received to a land still in darkness. Later we met the Rev. H. Fellman, the loan of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Germany to the Australian Wesleyan Missionary Society, who are glad of a German missionary on their station to simplify their dealings with the German government. Dr. Fellman is a friend of our own Dr. Luering, and receives from him our *Malaysia Message*. He told us of the success of the work, of the love and confidence the natives had for the missionaries, and how in the past year the natives had given \$3,000 for the Lord's work.—*Malaysia Message*.

Their Favorites.

A LARGE number of schoolgirls in England were asked to name their favorite storybooks. This was the result. The list is given in the order of the number of votes received. We are curious to know what different titles would appear in a list made by American girls:

1. *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.
2. *Alice in Wonderland*.
3. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
4. *Robinson Crusoe*.
5. *Wide, Wide World*.
6. *Grimm's Fairy Tales*.
7. *Eric, or Little by Little*.
8. *Lamplighter*.
9. *What Katy Did*.
10. *St. Winifred's*.
11. *Arabian Nights*.
12. *Water Babies*.
13. *Andersen's Fairy Tales*.
14. *Jungle Book*.
15. *Westward Ho!*
16. *Swiss Family Robinson*.
17. *Teddy's Button*.
18. *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.
19. *Laura Doone*.
20. *Stalky and Co.*

Preferring One Another.

TURNER, one of the greatest of English landscape painters, was one of the committee whose business it was to arrange about hanging the pictures sent for exhibition to the Royal Academy. The walls were already crowded when his attention was attracted by a picture which had been painted by an unknown artist from some distant town who had no friend to advance his interest. "A good picture," exclaimed Turner, as soon as his eye rested on it; "it must be hung." "Impossible!" replied the other members of the committee, with one voice. "The arrangement cannot be disturbed. Quite impossible!" "A good picture," persisted Turner; "it must be hung;" and, so saying, he took down one of his own pictures and put that of the unknown artist in its place. This was a beautiful example of obedience to the precept, "Look not every man upon his own things, but every man upon the things of others."

Frog and Toad Lore.

THE folklore societies are doing the world a service by collecting and publishing the curious beliefs and stories current among the people. The Baltimore Folklore Society has been inquiring into the subject of frogs and toads. Mrs. Butler read a paper on "The Mediæval Toad:"

In the time of Shakespeare, it stated, the toad was credited with secreting a poisonous venom while in hiding which it spat out indiscriminately at man and beast. The cattle plague in England and many mysterious human deaths were attributed to the work of the toad. The spider was supposed to equal the toad in venom, but in these days toads eat spiders with apparent impunity.

The American toad, Mrs. Butler stated, is larger, not so dark, and more agile than its English brother. Toads are imported into England from Austria, packed in moss, and sold at three or four pounds a hundred.

In physic the toad, or part of it, has always been credited with great powers. For instance, the right eye of a frog, wrapped in russet cloth and hung around the neck, was supposed to cure the right eye of the wearer of bleariness. The same was true of the left eye of the frog for the left eye of the wearer. A toad, dead or alive, placed at the back of the neck was supposed to stop nose bleed. Dried and powdered, the frog was supposed to be an irresistible love philter.

It is related of the American Indians that they believed that a council of the gods was held for producing light at night. The whippoorwill made the moon out of a large frog, and the coldness of the moon is attributed to the frogs' natural coldness.

Another tradition related of savage tribes is that the toad quarreled with the woodpecker and caused the deluge. It is said that they disputed over honey which the toad was induced to climb a tree in order to obtain. Then the woodpecker knocked the toad out of the tree, and in revenge the toad drank up all the water on earth, leaving the birds dry and thirsty. In a subsequent quarrel the toad incautiously danced about, burst, and the water covered the earth in a flood.

In Maryland the bite of the toad is considered poisonous, if not deadly. An old superstition is that handling toads will cause warts to grow on the hands.

A Fourteen-Course Dinner.

I THINK that one of the worst instruments of torture that was ever invented is the custom which makes it necessary for a speaker to sit through a fourteen-course dinner, every minute of the time feeling that his speech is going to prove a dismal failure and a disappointment.

I rarely take part in one of these long dinners that I do not wish that I could put myself back in my little cabin where I was a slave boy, and again go through the experience there—one that I shall never forget—of getting molasses to eat once a week from the "big house." Our usual diet on the plantation was corn bread and pork, but on Sunday morning my mother was permitted to bring down a little molasses from the "big house" for her three children, and when it was received how I did wish that every day was Sunday! I would get my tin plate and hold it up for the sweet morsel, but I would always shut my eyes when the molasses was being poured out into the plate, with the hope that when I opened them I would be surprised to see how much I had got. When I opened my eyes I would tip the plate in one direction and another, so as to make the molasses spread all over it, in the full belief that there would be more of it, and that it would last longer, if spread out in this way. So strong are my childish impressions of those Sunday morning feasts that it would be pretty hard for anyone to convince me that there is not more molasses on a plate when it is spread all over the plate than when it occupies a little corner, if there is a corner in a plate. At any rate, I have never believed in "cornering" syrup. My share of the syrup was usually about two tablespoonfuls, and those two tablespoonfuls of molasses were much more enjoyable to me than is a fourteen-course dinner after which I am to speak.—*Booker T. Washington, in the Outlook*.

A PRAYER: "We bless Thee for the calls, the duties, the tasks of life. How miserable life would have been if Thou hadst done everything for us."

GET THE BEST SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON HELPS

FOR 1901.

The "Berean" Quarterlies.

The Senior Lesson Quarterly.

(Price, 20 cents a year.) 48 pages; beautiful maps and illustrations.

The Illustrated Quarterly.

(Price, 12 cents a year.) 40 pages; maps and pictures. (Intermediate.)

The Intermediate Lesson Quarterly.

(Price, 5½ cents a year.) 32 pages; difficulties explained; the very best for the price.

The Lesson Leaflet.

(Price, 5½ cents a year.) The leaves of the Intermediate Quarterly cut for weekly distribution.

The Beginner's Quarterly.

(Price, 5½ cents a year.) For the youngest above primary; attractive; fully illustrated.

Bible Study Home Department Quarterly.

(Price, 25 cents a year.)

The Leaf Cluster (colored pictures).

(Price, Three Dollars a year, seventy-five cents a quarter.) A roll of colored art lithographs on the lesson.

The Berean Lesson Pictures (colored cards).

(Price, ten cents a year, two and a half cents a quarter.) The *Leaf Cluster*, reduced to cards 2¼ x 4 inches. Golden texts. Questions and answers on back.

For Teachers.

Sunday School Journal and Bible Student's Magazine (monthly).

(Price, single copy, 60 cents a year; in clubs of six or more to one address, 50 cents each.) 800 pages a year.

Illustrative Notes (annual).

(Price, \$1.25.) A guide to the study of the International Sunday School Lessons for 1900. (To teachers, postpaid, \$1.) Bound in cloth.

Serial Weekly Papers.

The Sunday School Advocate.

(Price, single copy, 30 cents a year; in clubs of six or more to one address, 25 cents each.) 4 pages; issued weekly; pictures and stories.

The Classmate.

(Price, single copy, 60 cents a year; in clubs of six or more to one address, 50 cents each.) 8 pages; weekly; stories, illustrations, etc.

The Picture Lesson Paper.

(Price, single copy, 25 cents a year; in clubs of six or more to one address, 20 cents each.) For weekly distribution; in bright colors; pictures; golden text; stories and rhymes.

Golden Text Book, 1901.

(Price, \$2 per hundred, net; postage, 30 cents additional.) A thirty-two-page booklet.

Berean Lesson Books.

(Price, 15 cents each.) SENIOR, INTERMEDIATE, BEGINNER'S.

SPECIAL RATES FOR INTRODUCTION.

EATON & MAINS,

150 Fifth Avenue, - - New York.
Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburg,
San Francisco.

JENNINGS & PYE,

220 West Fourth Street, - Cincinnati,
Chicago, Kansas City.